

MY SCROLL.

I LIKE to look over
The names of my dead—
My kindred and others
Who have gone on ahead.

My friends and beloved ones
Who could not here stay,
Who grow dearer and dearer
As the years slip away.

And I often unroll
This fair living scroll,
I never could name it
A gloomy, death roll.

My invisible friends,
Away and yet near,
Who know me far better
Than some staying here.

And along the margin
My pencil I run,
Noting over some actions
Down here they had done.

By some names a couplet,
By others a line,
And sometimes a dash
Is my only sign.